



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

**THE ELECTION PROVES WE ARE
NO SHUCKS WHEN IT COMES
TO INFLUENCING VOTERS**

As for the election, it leaves us pretty low, able only to sit up and take stock of ourselves as any kind of a factor in the molding of public opinion hereabout. On the face of the returns we have about come to the conclusion that our editorial influence doesn't amount to much. And we did so want it to amount to much in the one particular instance where we tried to guide the rubber stamp of the Carmel voter. We just can't understand how it comes that out of 1286 voters who went to the polls in the five Carmel precincts we could get only 351 of them to vote for the dogs. We just can't understand how 820 of those voters in Carmel could believe the lies sent out over the names of otherwise respectable members of the medical profession, and would not take the trouble to read proposition No. 2 which proved that they were lies.

We knew before the election, just as we know now, that that "Humane Pound Act" would neither stop nor hinder animal vivisection for medical research. If it would have done so, we would have been against it.

However, we can find some satisfaction in knowing that San Francisco and San Diego counties have such a humane law, while we are struck dumb (at the end of these three paragraphs) at the inexplicable attitude of Carmel, of all places. And we offer this prayer to whatever gods may be: that everyone of those 820 persons in Carmel may some day see strapped to a vivisection table a dog who loves him.

CALIFORNIA REPUBLICANS LACK SMARTNESS AND A SENSE OF HUMOR

If we're not so good on influencing voters, we're pretty smart on prognostications. No, we aren't so smart, either. Anybody with a grain of sense could have prognosticated this election in California. It didn't require much acumen to declare, as THE CYMBAL declared last week, that Olson, Patterson and Downey would be elected.

California isn't blessed with Republicans who are smart. Their fellow party members in many of the other states did quite nicely, but here they went completely haywire. They saw Red in everybody and everything who and that were not Republican. They built up a good-sized package of disgust for their tactics and many of the votes for Olson, Patterson and Downey were manifestations of this disgust.

There was one exception to their "Red" charge—Reilly, for member of the board of equalization—and in that exception hangs a story that brands Republicans of this equalization district as devoid of a sense of humor.

The Republican support of Reilly wasn't Reilly support, as they admitted. It was anti-Gallagher. To hear their arguments Gallagher was everything that a man shouldn't be. He wasn't, really; it was just a case of political grudge emanating from San Francisco. But, accepting what the Republicans said about Gallagher, it never seemed to strike them funny that they should condemn him as utterly unacceptable.

(Continued on Page Two)

CARMEL CYMBAL

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5 CENTS

Dolores St. To Join Ocean Ave. In Sidewalk Trees and Shrubs

CITY PROMISES AID TO THE ART ASSOCIATION

Paul Dougherty, John O'Shea, William Ritschel, Paul Whitman and Ralph Coote descended upon the city council meeting Wednesday night en masse, and en masse departed within an hour of the time they arrived with the assurance from the council members that every possible effort would be made toward assuring the Carmel Art Association a regular monthly or annual contribution from the city toward its maintenance and its activities.

Dougherty, O'Shea and Whitman gave the council an idea of what the association means to the city through the maintenance of its gallery and the monthly exhibit of pictures. They told about the construction of the new gallery, almost completed, and declared it to be one of the finest set-ups of the kind and for the purpose in the country.

"As a consequence we are in debt," said Dougherty. "Although the response of private citizens has been most generous and we raised nearly \$3,000, the new gallery cost more. We have a curator who is very favorably known to all of you. Her recompense is a percentage of the sales from the walls of the gallery. This has been very slight over the past year.

"It is not necessary, we believe, to show you the advantages of the art association and gallery to Carmel as a center of culture. If you feel you can do anything for the cultural interest of the community we would like you to consider the art association as a part of that cultural interest."

The individual members of the council left no doubt in the minds of the artists who came to appeal for the association that the city would do all in its power to help such an admittedly valuable part of Carmel's life.

"People whom we want to come here are attracted by our art, our music and all the other arts here," said Mayor Heron.

The artists were sent away with the conviction that in committee of the whole the council would come to a decision as to what it could do to help the art association regularly.

WATERCOLORS ON DISPLAY AT CARMEL ART GALLERY

The November show at the Carmel Art Gallery on Dolores street is watercolors. There is something er and buxom bar-maid, and its derous about a watercolor show that makes a welcome change from the more serious business of oils, and THE CYMBAL is looking forward to reviewing it in next week's issue.

BOOK WEEK

GOODY! WE'RE TO HAVE ONLY ONE LIGHTED CHRISTMAS TREE ON OCEAN AVENUE THIS YEAR

The biggest news out of Wednesday night's council meeting is that we are to have a community Christmas tree this year in keeping somewhat with the traditions and spirit of Carmel.

In the first place, it is to be a lone Christmas tree, and that in itself is almost enough to get us cheering.

But to pile on our blessings, it is to be decorated under the esthetic eye of the Carmel Art Association and around it is to be sung music selected by the Carmel Music Society.

At the council meeting Wednesday night, John O'Shea, president of the art association, assured the council that the organization would devote its time and energy with enthusiasm to a conception of the Christmas spirit that would emphasize considerable more than the commercial side of it.

Which tree will be selected for decorating and lighting is up to the art association and what music is to be sung around the tree will be completely up to the music society. All of which strikes us as perfect in the eternal fitness of things.

It is probable that concessions will have to be made to the merchants of the city and the tree lighted a week before Christmas, but with such a stride ahead accomplished in the matter of the decorating and the music it will be possible to give a couple of inches on this point.

Outside of the Christmas tree matter, the council manifested a deep tree consciousness at Wednesday night's meeting. Letters from property owners who wanted trees cut down have been too numerous over the past month or two to satisfy the council and last night up popped a resolution, all nicely typed and everything, proposing that the charge to tree-complainers be raised to the identical cost of removing the tree and the planting of another one.

What brought the council up a little bit short on final decision was the impossibility to decide on what these operations would cost before they had been done. Mayor Heron thereupon proposed that a deposit should be made and whatever remains after expenses of the operations are paid be returned to the property owner.

Then came up the question as to how big should be the deposit. The figure of \$25 was all but written in when somebody hesitated and all was lost. It was finally decided that the matter go over for two weeks for action.

Alfred Matthews was appointed a trustee of the Harrison Memorial Library to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of James L. Cockburn.

Councilman Bechdolt was authorized to employ a structural engi-

neer to determine whether or not the standing west wall of the Golden Bough Theater ruins is a menace to safety. If it proves so to be it is understood that the city will have a legal right to remove it if Ted Kuster refuses so to do.

The gas tax money from the state, amounting to \$7,359, was reported received and the city's finances adjusted thereby so that the treasurer's report shows a balance of municipal funds as of November 1 of \$9,825.43 in general and special funds. However, some \$1200 in demands were ordered paid out of this at Wednesday night's meeting of the council.

A new and strict taxicab ordinance was read by the city clerk and will be discussed at the next meeting of the council Monday evening, November 21. Councilman Bechdolt explained that it will give Carmel police supervision of the taxicab business similar to that in effect in other cities.

Court of Honor Wednesday

A Carmel Boy Scout Court of Honor will be held in Sunset Auditorium next Wednesday evening, November 16.

Carmel Troops No. 86 and 39 will stage the program which will be a re-dedication to Scout principles and ideals. There will also be presentation of awards.

Herman Crossman is the new chairman of the Carmel Boy Scout Council, succeeding Herb Brownell.

100 HUMANS, SIX PELICANS, 439 SEAGULLS ATTEND RIVER-MOUTH BAPTISM

Our tall, black-eyed investigator, detailed to the river-mouth territory, reports a wholesale baptism by complete immersion last Sunday afternoon, between the hours of 3 and 4 o'clock. There were a girl, three boys and a man who took the dip, importuned so to do by the strong arm of the leader of the flock. The children looked like drowned mice when they emerged. The man's shorts showed through his saturated pants. About 100 devotees of this particular branch of worship of God were on hand to witness the ceremony. There were also 439 seagulls and six pelicans in attendance. It was a most successful rite, in point of numbers and inundation.

Iola Nichols has left Carmel temporarily and is studying hairdressing in Watsonville. The course will take almost a year and she is not expected back, permanently, "at least, until next August.

PARK BOARD'S BEAUTY PLAN IS WIDENED ON DEMAND

With the proposal of the parks and playgrounds commission for extensive beautification of Ocean avenue through the sidewalk planting of trees, shrubs and vines, catching the wide and enthusiastic fancy of the people, the Carmel Business Association is widening its scope and will seek from the city the inclusion of Dolores street in the proposed improvements.

The preliminary plans, as made by Thomas D. Church, landscape architect, and on display in the windows of the Carmel Realty Company, have aroused much attention. So much so that the Dolores street merchants want to know how come they are not included in the beautification proposal—not them personally, but their street fronts.

Take Harold Nielsen, for instance. He's all gaga about it. He's for digging a hole in his sidewalk right now and sticking a small tree into it. As a matter of fact, the Nielsen Brothers set part of their store front about five feet back from their property line and it is Harold's proposal to put a garden with flowers and shrubs in there.

With the apparent new set-up in the business association, an apparent new conception of how to butter commercial bread in this man's town, Carmel has a chance to get going again along the road of physical attractiveness and natural beauty.

We've long championed the idea that it is the best policy to alienate the affections of the ten-cent visitor by setting a stage he won't like, but that will draw the dollar customers to the box office. We've had to pay for waving this banner, but we're still waving it.

NEW BOOKS WORLDS

BECHDOLT IS COOKING UP AN IMMENSE AMOUNT OF GRIEF FOR HIMSELF IN THIS

Frederick Bechdolt, vocation—writer; avocation—councilman; main grief—police commissioner, is cooking up some more trouble for himself. He wants to get the "pioneers" of Carmel together. He announces that all residents of the city who had dug in here previous to 1916, when the town was incorporated, gather together on the evening of next Tuesday, at 8 o'clock, sharp (when the doors will be closed), in the general meeting room back of the lobby at Pine Inn. What Bech is liable to get staggers us in contemplation. There's a gal up in the north-east corner of town who hasn't been out of the house for 27 years. No occasion to. Now here comes Bechdolt with an incentive. What do you suppose she looks like.

and at the same time work their heads off for Frank Merriam who appointed him to the vacancy on the board of equalization caused by the death of John Corbett.

LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS DID SOME GOOD WORK

Harking back to Carmel voters, do you realize that 1286 of them went to the polls, an all-time high? And which is still more devastating, about 90 per cent of these 1286 voted on ALL the 25 propositions on the ballot.

Just between you and us, we don't believe that half of this 90 per cent knew what half of the 25 propositions were all about; no more than they knew what Proposition No. 2 really said, and really meant. It beats us, this vote on the propositions, but there is one conjecture we'll dare to make about it, and that is this: That the majority of the voters who did vote intelligently on the whole 25 were women. We base this on our belief that the League of Women Voters had a great deal of influence in this branch of the election—influence not toward getting their members and other women to vote one way or another, but influence in getting them to know what they were doing whichever way they voted.

THESE SPORTS WRITERS GO HAYWIRE IN THEIR FOOTBALL STUFF

There is a growing conviction that college football is being horribly over-emphasized. It is our conviction that the horrible over-emphasis is not so much in the colleges, or even in their alumni, as it is in the newspapers and over the radio. Written by one who consumes many columns of football stuff every week in the newspapers, this statement contains more than the ordinary courage of a conviction.

Of course, the newspapers will tell you, as they have repeatedly told you since the beginning of journalism, that they are the creations of their readers. What you want them to be they are. They say that if you didn't want gobs of football stuff, they wouldn't print it. Their circulation books are their thermometers.

But that insistence doesn't hold so much in these days. Today's newspaper is not a four- or eight-page sheet; it's a 30-page blanket. The circulation manager may know how many people subscribe for the whole paper, but it is impossible for him to know how many read what section or department of it. It's our guess that football fans are being dished up about 80 per cent more stuff than the majority of them can consume or want to consume. As for the radio, you don't, actually, subscribe to that, and what you get is forced upon you if you are careless enough to turn on the switch.

This over-emphasis, and the absurdity of it, was exemplified nicely last Saturday morning by one Will Connolly who is permitted to write untrammelled in the *Chronicle Green*. "Bears Will Beat Troy 13 to 0, Maybe More, but No Less," screams Connolly in a 60-point headline. Anybody who knew anything about football knew that statement was absurd. Connolly was stating emphatically that California, after having been scored on by every conference team so far in the season, would not be scored on by the admittedly-strongest team, outside of California, in the conference. Mr. Connolly is awfully smart and clever in his sports phraseology. The trouble with him is that he is too likely to be clever at the expense of common sense.

His stuff is just one of the many

CARMEL GOES REPUBLICAN WHILE REST OF STATE BACKS UP THE NEW DEAL; RECORD VOTE HERE

Setting a new record of 1286 ballots cast, Carmel voted Republican last Tuesday—while the rest of the state went Democratic.

It didn't help the G.O.P. of the nation to swell its numbers in the United States senate, but assisted in the party's assault on the administration strength in the lower house.

As an example of marksmanship, taking the California state result as a target, Carmel voted for Merriam, and missed, for Franklin, and missed, and for Bancroft, and missed. It gave majorities to Anderson for Congress, and hit, for Weybret for the assembly, and hit, and for Reilly for the board of equalization, and hit.

On the important propositions on the ballot, it gave a majority of five votes in favor of No. 1 while the rest of the state soundly beat the anti-picketing measure. On the Humane Pound Act it voted with the rest of the state, disgustingly, and did its best to beat the measure. It voted with the rest of the state against No. 4, the traffic commission proposition; No. 20, the Single Tax, and No. 25, the Thirty-Thursdays absurdity.

One Carmel precinct went Democratic—the Fourth, voting at Watson's Nursery. The returns there showed 137 for Olson to 123 for Merriam; 135 for Patterson to 119

giving Bancroft 138 and Downey 120. It also favored Anderson to McGrath for Congress, 132 to 123.

Of the other four precincts that for Franklin. Strangely, it reversed itself for United States Senator, all went Republican, the strongest was No. 2, voting at Masonic Hall, and leading the other four with a grand total of 316 votes cast. The result was 215 for Merriam and 87 for Olson. It went stronger for Bancroft against Downey, 221 to 84.

Carmel election officers had a tough session of it. Precincts 1 and 2, Hampton garage and Masonic Hall, respectively, did not finish until 10 o'clock Wednesday morning, both tacking up the result sheets at about the same time.

No. 4, Watson's Nursery, got under the wire at about 6:30 a.m. Wednesday. The other two made it around 2 o'clock in the morning.

It was a reasonably quiet election throughout the city. No palettes or typewriters or pianos or, even, vocal chords were tossed at anybody. Paul Whitman went on calmly about his art, Edith Frisbie scurried hither and thither without molestation and Wednesday morning Sally McCreery was back at work just as though God were still in his heaven—in California.

The result specifically:

CANDIDATES						
	Pct. 1	Pct. 2	Pct. 3	Pct. 4	Pct. 5	Total
Total Vote	239	316	198	272	261	1286
Governor						
Merriam	151	215	109	123	141	739
Olson	77	87	72	137	102	475
Haight	11	11	15	10	11	58
Lt. Governor						
Franklin	144	208	120	119	151	742
Patterson	84	94	72	135	95	480
U. S. Senator						
Bancroft	146	221	117	138	156	778
Downey	60	84	71	120	87	392
Congressman						
Anderson	142	205	117	132	150	746
McGrath	84	101	79	123	94	481
Assemblyman						
Weybret	128	190	99	111	133	661
Morrill	82	79	80	123	78	442
Board of Equalization						
Gallagher	72	115	59	91	85	422
Reilly	147	179	118	154	143	741
PROPOSITIONS						
1—Anti-Pickets						
Yes	117	179	82	97	131	606
No	107	119	103	162	110	601
2—Pound Act						
Yes	62	96	61	65	67	351
No	164	196	116	176	168	820
4—Traffic Commission						
Yes	81	110	61	78	82	412
No	134	180	111	147	133	705
20—Single Tax						
Yes	15	26	23	36	37	137
No	190	252	153	197	174	966
25—Milk and Honey						
Yes	19	42	28	60	64	213
No	209	259	161	195	183	1007

Legion and Zaza Clean Up With Turkey Shoot

Commander M. J. Peterson steered his Carmel American Legion into a mint of dough last Sunday. It was his second stab at it, the previous Sunday raining on him, but last Sunday he hit the bull's eye.

So did a lot of other people. They hit it, and beanoed it and rouletted

examples of this football over-emphasis in the newspapers. The football writers seem to think that the public is interested in their playing football between themselves. They are contributing immensely to building up a lot of disgust on the part of the public for what might be termed the college football stratosphere. —W. K. B.

it to the tune of \$500 worth of turkeys.

And some curious people, who added marksmanship to the curiosity, made considerable on Zaza, or on Zaza's anatomy. She was quite a gal, but how she must have suffered!

The barbecue was the big hit of the affair. Under Paul Flanders' guidance two-inch-thick steaks came out of that and even ordinary false teeth could accomplish them, and did.

More than 1,000 tickets to various and sundry things were sold, and the Legion fund swelled itself to the extent of about \$400.

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CYMBAL CLASSIFIED columns give you a valuable medium for exchange.

STARS AND GARTERS

ANYWAY, A NUTS A VITAL PART OF SOMETHING

"What in the world is this thing rattling around in the pie pan drawer?" asked Aunt Julia, extracting a small metal object.

I saw at a glance that it was one of those small pieces of hardware that are continually falling off the carpet sweeper and other labor-saving devices.

"This nut is a vital part of something," I said, calling Aunt Julia's attention to the scalloped edge. "It looks more important than the average nut. Any of the kitchen gadgets busted?"

"Well, the top of the electric mixer is loose," said Aunt Julia.

"There is something missing here, all right," I said, rattling the mixer, "but the bolt is gone as well as the nut and probably a couple of washers."

(Often, the manufacturer will attach as many as six or eight loose parts to a piece of mechanical equipment. He will fasten on the handle with several nuts, bolts and springs, all connected by a miscellany of detachable fittings.)

"I'll see if I can find anything to fit the mixer," I said, looking in an old cold cream jar behind the flour can. It held an assortment of thumb tacks, a one-cent postage stamp, the top to a salt cellar, a flashlight battery, a metal clamp, a small bolt and three screws.

"All this anonymous ironmongery ought to be collected in one place, or better still—thrown away," I thought as I searched among further accumulations in the

tool chest, desk drawers and an old vase in the closet.

"I guess you'll have to take the mixer to the store and get parts that fit," I said. "Give me that nut in the pie pan drawer and I'll throw it away."

I did not look to see whether the nut had dropped from the drawer handle as these fixtures never stay anywhere near the place where they separate from the mother unit. Once I did find a missing part to the vacuum cleaner—a small metal band which fitted on the handle by means of a chain and clasp. It was by the merest chance that I found and identified it, as it was in the glove compartment to the car.

I started to throw the nut in the vacant lot next door but, while Aunt Julia's back was turned, I dropped it in the cold cream jar instead.

—DOROTHY STEPHENSON

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Christmas Seals Arrive To Aid T. B. Fight

The thirty-second annual Christmas Seal Sale gets under way right after Thanksgiving and tons of campaign material was received this week by 63 local, city and county tuberculosis associations throughout California. In sheets of 100, 166,000,000 Christmas Seals are being distributed to these associations for mailing to individual contributors. It is hoped that the seals will appear on every piece of domestic and foreign mail sent out between receipt of them and Christmas Day. Wide use of the seals is the only assurance of continuance of local tuberculosis control programs. Also, the use of the seals is an important means of spreading the warning of tuberculosis to others.

The tuberculosis association tries to reach as many people as possible by mail, but, if you are not on their mailing list, you will be able to buy the stamps at either the Bank of Carmel or the Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank, and at various other centrally-located spots to be decided later.

O.W. Bardaron, superintendent of the Sunset School District, presided over a dinner meeting of the Monterey County Tuberculosis Association held last Wednesday night at the Hotel Jeffrey in Salinas. Dr. John Sharp, head of Monterey Co. Hospital, introduced Dr. C. L. Ianne, director of Santa Clara Co. Tuberculosis Association, and Dr. Phil Pearson, staff member of the Stanford University Hospital, and member of the executive committee of the National Tuberculosis Association. Dr. Sharp also mentioned the construction of an addition to the wing for tubercular patients at the county hospital.

Dr. Ianne spoke about bovine tuberculosis. It seems that California used to be a black spot on the map as far as TB cows were concerned, but due to recent enactments California can look forward to being a white spot in the future.

Dr. Pearson displayed X-Rays and interpreted them for the audience. He stressed the importance of X-Raying each member in a family where there is any tubercular history, this being the only effective way of carrying out the program of prevention and cure. The T. B. death rate has dropped to seventh place in this country, which speaks highly for the progress in this specialized field. Doctors engaged in a particular type of work know so much more than they used to about it. Pneumothorax treatments and surgery have opened up entirely new methods of combating the disease.

The Christmas Seal campaign gets under way on Thanksgiving Day. Anyone who is interested in the skin-testing, X-Ray work, follow-up, and educational work are asked to support this campaign. Dr. Monica Briner, who heads the Carmel committee, deserves much credit for the thorough job she is doing on the files, a monotonous, thankless task, at best.

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Since we announced in these pages that Chick McCarthy was due in town again, we've been peering anxiously up and down streets, hoping to see him. Now we've come to the conclusion that he's put us in a very awkward position. Our only authority was a letter from Chick himself. He said he'd be here, and he isn't here—and that's all we know about it. Please don't mention it to us again.

Sings for Kiwanis



HARRIET GRIFFITH who sang for the Kiwanis Club on Wednesday noon-time at Hotel Del Monte. Miss Griffith, a new-comer to the Peninsula, has sung for the Musical Art Club and the Monday Club. She lives in Carmel; has done concert work professionally all over the country and is charming and lovely to look at.

NEW BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Once more, Book Week, November 13-19, seven days of the year nationally dedicated to better books. This is the 20th anniversary of Dan Beard's original effort to interest parents and publishers in a literature for children. If books are to be asked for and read by children, they must be written from the child's point of view, whether it be a picture book for a toddler or a mystery story for the teen age.

Today the illustrations are not mature art, but such drawings as carry the story and might have been drawn by the children themselves. This year, Robert Lawson, illustrator of *Ferdinand*, has portrayed Mr. Popper and his penguins in the same amusing manner. And Walt Disney's little forest friends, so beloved of children of all ages, are gambolling through the pages of a book as gaily as ever they do on the screen.

The one tragedy of Carmel's Book Week is that Walt Disney's screen version of *Ferdinand* could not be shown here this week as it is being done in all the first run theaters throughout the United States.

Books have been created to meet the demands of children of all ages, not written down to their supposed level, not filled with the preachments thought indispensable by their parents' parents. Juvenile literature today is a portrait of life. "Wings over the Pacific" is modern

adventure; "Sue Barton, Visiting Nurse" and "Give a Man a Horse," actual experiences; and "Rusty, a Cocker Spaniel" and "Chinky, the Pony," very real pets. Children of today do not have to be urged to read "The Young Hostess"; they ask for it. And they demand their own copy of "Listen! the Wind." And for those of keen imagination this year brings such delights as "The Cautious Carp," "The Very Stupid Folk" and "Lazy Liza Lizard."

If you think Book Week is only for children, you are mistaken. Elizabeth Niles, our librarian, is urging all parents and adoring relatives to visit the Carmel library this coming week, and guarantees that they will enjoy looking over these books too. She will help you with your perplexing Christmas lists, with comments on the books, giving you prices, and telling you where to get the strongest bindings. And surely there is no greater joy than watching young people enjoy themselves.

During the week the children from Sunset School will be invited to the library, class at a time, to see the many new books purchased for this event, to hear Barbara Wood's comments on particularly interesting ones, and to make notes of future explorations in these new worlds laid open for them on the library tables and shelves.

BOOK WEEK NEW BOOKS NEW WORLDS

LOUIS SLEVIN BELIEVES IN ADVERTISING—GOOD OLD ADVERTISING

Louis Slevin is beginning to believe in advertising.

This is how it comes about:

Back in the fall of 1915 Louis sent out some advertising letters giving an inkling of the wide variety of old ships' figurehead photographs he had acquired and offered for sale.

What has happened in the business of selling those photographs since then we don't know, that is, we don't know what has happened

up to this week. But this week—

Louis gets a letter from Mrs. E. S. Watson who lives and has her being in East Windsor Hill, Conn., and in it she says as how "your advertising letter sent out in 1915, etc., etc." and she asks for more information and a catalogue of what Slevin has in the way and shape of photographs of figureheads. He has sent it to her.

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CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS—They rent rooms, lease house, sell real estate, find dogs, get jobs.

Carmel People Trek to San Jose For Joy of Ballet Caravan

Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous presented Lincoln Kirstein's Ballet Caravan last Saturday night at the Civic Auditorium in San Jose. Among those from Carmel who drove up for the affair were Noel Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Short, Maxine Laney, Susan Porter, Mrs. A. Meckenstock and daughter, Alice, Betty Rae Sutton and Florence Edler.

In talking with Susan Porter about it, we learned something of what Lincoln Kirstein is attempting to do. He is presenting the American scene in an American dance idiom, and is blazing a trail for a future dance form that will be recognized throughout the world as the American dance form. Kirstein works on the belief that this country has developed a human body that is built differently from that of other countries. The arms are hung from the shoulders in a different way; length of limb swings from hip joints in a particular manner. In his "Filling Station" scene, he has utilized a fragment of our life of today that will be as authentic a document of our times as, for instance, the Old English inn with its white-aproned, pot-bellied keeper and buxom bar-maid, and it stage coach pulling up at the door to change horses and deposit travelers, was a potent fragment of the Georgian era in England.

In the final scene labeled "Billy the Kid," the perfect technique of Kirstein's ballet enabled the audience to see men riding horses where no horses were; even to identify the pacer and the bucking horse. There were moments of incredible beauty, and Mrs. Porter came away with

the conviction that Lincoln Kirstein is on the track of something real and lasting. Even in his Harvard days he was intensely interested in the development of the dance. Martha Graham is doing something of the same thing, although not with a group, and she is interested in Kirstein's work.

Hazel Watrous let fall the news that Carmel will probably have a chance to see the Ballet Caravan next year. We wish it had been this year.

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Woman's Club Hears What Munich Did

Using maps of Europe with which to illustrate her talk, Mrs. Margaret Grant gave a brilliant, clear-cut picture of the Munich conference and its effect upon world affairs as interpreted by an English woman before the Current Events section of the Carmel Woman's Club last Wednesday morning at Pine Inn.

Mrs. Grant, who has the real Englishwoman's approach to politics, plus a personal knowledge of world affairs and an ability to speak of them before an audience so that interest is sustained for as long as she cares to hold them, will inform the Current Events section on the Russian situation on November 23.

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The Carmel Cymbal
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W. E. BASSETT, EDITOR

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"Love Apples" Rehearsals Get Going

Rehearsals for "Love Apples," Katherine Brocklebank's comedy scheduled to go on the boards December 9, 10 and 11 at the Filmarte Theatre, officially began last night. Last Thursday they had the first reading at Mrs. Peterson's home in Hatton Fields. Rehearsals are being held in the American Legion clubhouse and they are closed rehearsals. This doesn't mean that true friends of the theater won't be allowed a foot in the door, but it does mean that that legion of caustic critics, otherwise known as 'time-killers,' will be denied entrance.

Emelie Harrold, wife of Captain T. L. Harrold, recently transferred to the Presidio from West Point, is to have the only dramatic part in the play. Mrs. Peterson feels very fortunate in getting Mrs. Harrold for her play. At the reading last Thursday, in spite of the fact that Captain Harrold had just been taken to the hospital with appendicitis, and in spite of the fact that she had never heard of the play before in her life, Mrs. Harrold gave such an understanding and sympathetic interpretation that she had everyone present sitting on the edge of his chair with chills running up and down his spinal column.

Mrs. Harrold is a graduate of the Bennett School in Millbrook, N. Y., and later studied with Edith Wynne Mathison and Charles Rann Kennedy. For three summers she played with eastern stock companies, had minor parts in two New York shows and played in "Tovarich" with the West Point Players.

Others taking part in "Love Apples" are Dr. W. B. Williams, Bill O'Donnell, Oliver Bassett, Jessie Joan Brown, Betty Bryant, Barrie O'Shea, Frank Hefling and Lucille Culver. The proceeds are to go towards a Christmas fund to be dispensed by the Carmel Red Cross. The Carmel Players are cooperating to the extent that Anna Marie Baer and her group in stage design will do the sets and lighting.

The Cunninghams were in Carmel last week-end, and we mean John and Patricia and small son, Tony. They took out time from their work, which is the decoration of a University of California contribution to the Golden Gate International Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Felix of Carmel Valley brought their guests, Miss Edna L. Dameron of Laguna Beach and Mrs. G. A. White of Oakland, over to Rancho Carmelo for dinner last Sunday.

THIS THING AND THAT

ARTIST ANATOMIZED

The artist thinks and feels and sees
In sensitized hyperboles.

Each tiny glistening grain of sand
He celebrates as vasty land

And chronicles as flames of fire
The vagrant wisps of his desire.

He magnifies and elevates
And brilliantly exaggerates;

And what would be a gnat to us
He hails aloud as Pegasus.

—EDITH FRISBIE

Personalities & Personals

Mrs. Ashton Stanley has returned from Pasadena where, as Irene Biller, she played *Tania* in the Pasadena Community Playhouse production of "Tovarich."

Mr. and Mrs. Jean Juilliard were guests of George and Hélène Vye at a luncheon at Peter Pan Lodge last Sunday.

Jerry Chance arrived in town last Thursday and stayed until Sunday afternoon when he returned to Berkeley and his study in optics at the University of California. He brought down his music and Edith Frisbie brought out her words and then a special technique was evolved. They made 'juicy,' 'Debussy' and 'Pussy' go together, but it's right enough when put to music.

Ten-year-old Kathryn De Loe swallowed a pin last week, a common pin, slightly bent. The Peninsula Community Hospital was all of a dither about it. Instead of operating and diving right in after it, the pin's progress was watched by X-ray, and subsequently recovered. Pureed carrots and mashed potato were fed to Kathryn day and night, every three hours. Can you imagine being waked up from a sound sleep and given a saucer of carrots to swallow? Kathryn was a martyr and quite interested in the whole thing. She wears the pin around her neck now.

Mrs. Harry Toulmin has returned to Monterey after four months spent in touring northern Europe with her husband, and one month spent in Montreal. Harry Toulmin returned a month earlier, in order to get in all of the duck season. The Toulmins are the owners of the historic Larkin House in Monterey. Mrs. Toulmin's mother, ton this week, and next week they Mrs. Chappell, arrived from Bos-all go south.

Mrs. Agnes H. Reynal left Carmel last Monday night for the south where she will visit Mrs. Havens-Montegale and other friends.

Mrs. Matie Coppuck is back at the Cinderella Shop after a month's visit at her home in Burlingame.

Johan Hagemeyer is busy in his studio, probably wishing he had about six pairs of hands instead of one. He is preparing for a one-man show to open at the De Young Museum in San Francisco on December

1. Dr. Walter Heil, director of the museum, has given him two galleries and the corridor, which means that Johan has around 100 prints to prepare for hanging. They will be mostly portraits and all new things. This exhibit will be sort of a pre-view to an even larger show that will take place later on in the winter in the East.

We hear that Emma Knox and Baldwin McGaw have just signed a \$300 contract for an engagement at an exclusive New York City club for a November date. It looks as though they won't be back in Carmel this winter.

Adrienne Lillico seems to have what sounds like a very swell job with some slick fashion magazine. She has just finished an assignment that took her to Los Angeles, has dashed up to Seattle to visit her mother, Mrs. Roy Lillico, and will stop briefly in Carmel on her way to Palm Springs and Tucson for further assignments on this same magazine.

Bettie Rae Sutton is planning to attend the five-day course in modern dancing conducted by Hanya Holm at Mills College, opening on November 17. Bettie Rae is a pupil of Ruth Austin, and Ruth Austin studied with Hanya Holm in Germany. Hanya is one of the original Wigman group at Dresden, and is the first Wigman exponent to open an American school. Bettie Rae Sutton has always shown a feeling for modern dance and has appeared in all of Ruth Austin's recitals.

Joe Schoeninger, associate editor of the Daily Californian, now that his studies at the University of California make it impossible for him to function on the Monterey Peninsula Herald, arrived in town last Friday and made the week-end last until after voting day, so that he could do his duty at the polls.

Ronald Telfer is going to read another of Mrs. M. J. Peterson's

(Katharine Brocklebank) plays next Sunday afternoon at the Peterson home in Hatton Fields. "I Only Have a Minute" is the title of it, and Mrs. Peterson has invited a few of her friends in to hear it.

FOREST LODGE

Guests at Forest Lodge this week include Mrs. R. M. Morton of Oakland, Mrs. Jessie and Miss Eugenia Grunsky of Stockton, Mrs. Alex and Miss Ruth Sparrow of the Clift Hotel in San Francisco and Mrs. Edith Shuffleton of Larkspur, California.

ROBLES DEL RIO LODGE

Dr. Ernest Clark, head of the Association of Pacific Fisheries in Seattle, who attended the National Canneries convention at Del Monte, has been a guest at Robles del Rio Lodge with his daughter, Barbara. Mrs. Gwendolyn Knight of Carmel has been a guest at the Lodge for a week.

Last Saturday night was the beginning of the regular Saturday night dances to be held at the Lodge throughout the winter. There were about 40 people there, and they all seemed to have a good time. The charge for the men is 50 cents, but the girls get in for nothing. Instead of the hay-ride, Frank deAmaral took a party of 10 out into the moonlight on horseback. Afterwards, they joined the dancers.

MISSION RANCH

The impulse to go over to the Mission Ranch Club last Sunday night for the regular buffet supper hit many people at the same time, with the result that the place was crowded. Fortunately, the culinary department was quite equal to the

emergency. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Marion and Major and Mrs. James McNamara, members of the club from Hollywood, and friends of the Marions with whom they are visiting. Helen Ware arrived with two guests, visitors from New York, en route to Hawaii. They were Eddie Darling, who used to be head of the booking office of the Keith-Albee circuit before vaudeville took a flop, and Paris Walters, band leader, who, following in the footsteps of his namesake, is carrying the Big Apple to the Islands.

Guests in the cottages last week-end, who also attended the Sunday night buffet, were Mrs. Aileen Bauer and Miss Aileen Carlyle of Hollywood, and Roland Leigh and Brian Barlow of Beverly Hills.

The Monday night bridge tournament was played in the new lounge as a change from the main building. Everyone approved. There were six tables and this time three partners tied for top score. They were Miss Alice Work and Mrs. T. B. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. D. Roper and Captain and Mrs. Philip Shotwell. Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Pierce of Salinas took the second highest score.

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Delightful Part of a Delightful Letter From Kathryn Winslow We Present To You Herewith

We got a swell, long letter from Kathryn Winslow, now in New York City, and the following part of it we are unselfish enough to let you read:

There is no place to live quite like the Italian neighborhood—and that is emphatic about election time—NOW.

There is a continual parade through the narrow push-cart-width streets down here. I am in the heart of the Ghetto, bounded by Chinatown and the Bowery and the River, with Wall street a little to the side and Brooklyn a half hour's walk via the Bridge. I walked over the bridge last week. It was near sundown, and yet not dark, and all the buildings of the Financial District (along the river front) were lit with firely windows against the half-night sky. They twinkled off and on as buildings closed down and others were beaet with cleaning women. Far back, and to the right, is the center of town skyline, with a covey of skyscrapers nesting in the stratosphere. They point upward and in their staggered effect, are seen like fairy castles above the peaks, according to story book memories. They don't seem to rise out of the city at all, but to be suspended above it—almost mirages. Then, when you approach, the illusion disappears entirely. There is certainly nothing dream-like about Manhattan—unless one associates it with the nightmare.

That brings me back to this section. (one comes back, straight and subterraneously like a bat with the speed of a bullet through the city's insides)—that is, by subway—or, clattering like milk pails, via the elevated, and looking over into the squalor of commerce—the countless small businesses going on behind the windows one pases on the "el"—and the 10¢ a day hotels with the men reading papers on the top floor lobbies. And everywhere—signboards and posters, or—worse—grimy brick walls and sooty roofs. One sees all the old and dirty part of the city when one rides through the second story air-level.

If you go by bus your posture becomes permanently warped into an elbows-out-and-foot-poised-to-boot-somebody attitude. And your face, instead of becoming apathetic and moronic like the subway and el riders I've seen, works around to a James Cagney expression, all set to push the next guy in the nose.

If you use the taxi from uptown to downtown, where I am, you get a bank draft first. It cost \$2.75 once from somewhere uptown, when we arrived with baggage, the taxi driver not being able to find his way among the jogs and curves of streets down here, all one-way and always the wrong way. I can't think of any way to describe the streets of the east side better than to say they are like the ifs and buts and ahems and ors and so's of conversation. They chop up and tangle up and down "suspended clauses" and "verbless sentences." You go all directions on the compass going from one point to another in what might be a straight line.

Speaking of similes, the people are all so jittery and jumpy and high-voiced and noncomposed that all I can think of to describe them is that they act as if they were full of static.

I'm still trying to get back to Mulberry street and Henry street and Mott street and some others to tell you that, because of election, a drum and bugle corps, a brass band,

a radio car, or the cathedral booms all day—vying with truck and car horns screeching at the traffic which stands around listening to the "music" and reading handbills. And there's also the screaming peddlers with push carts and neighbors having conversation across the streets or between alleys—and the funerals which run all day one after the other. The church bells play the funeral dirge every hour, followed at least twice a day by the funeral band which serenades, Chinese fashion, all the places where the deceased has lived or worked. I can tell you, it is a cyclone of what is unbelievably but 8 notes of a scale in its primeval state. But cacophony!

This building, by the way, is one of the new housing projects of the city and has every convenience and the latest equipment. It is rather de luxe, for that matter, and not too inexpensive. This apartment of two rooms, bath and kitchen (unfurnished) costs about \$55, including maintenance. There is color and interest, such as one does not find on Park avenue, and I suppose it is more fun to live in a neighborhood where an urchin may pot you with a tomato when you open the door than it would be to have a doorman "boil" you with a glass-eye and store-bought face kind of "respectful attention" in a circus suit.

—KATHRYN

Farm Center Is Host to Home Demonstrator

Mrs. Andrew Stewart of Carmel Valley was hostess last Tuesday to members of the Carmelo Farm Home Department and to Miss Anne Olson, home demonstrator, at a buffet luncheon.

Miss Olson brought with her a variety of colored cloths and napkins and emphasized the use of textiles other than linen for this informal type of entertaining. She also stressed fall coloring, not only in the textiles used, but in various arrangements of fruits, flowers and foliage. Christmas and Thanksgiving decorations, as well as any-day-of-the-week arrangements were demonstrated and discussed. One arrangement in particular seemed to meet with everyone's approval. This was place doilies and napkins of a greenish-yellow hop-sacking, with a centerpiece "of fruit," grape leaves, acorns and oak leaves.

As to the food: Miss Olson used two types of scalloped dishes, one, vermicelli and meat balls, the other, a bacon, cheese and macaroni dish. Then there were hot buttered rolls, pickles of various kinds, a Carmel Valley pear salad, and a cheese plate, plus coffee and jams and marmalades of all kinds.

Besides Mrs. Andrew Stewart, the hostess, and Anne Olson, the demonstrator, there were present Mrs. Hatton Martin, Mrs. H. J. Zuchas, Mrs. J. C. Anthony, Mrs. M. S. Stewart, Mrs. William W. Grant, Mrs. C. L. Wilder, Mrs. H. J. Morton, Mrs. Paul Zuchas, Mrs. F. W. Gleeson, Mrs. C. Grindstaff, Mrs. S. T. Baldwin, Mrs. Roy Martin, Mrs. Milton Andrews, Mrs. B. H. Schulte, Mrs. George Koch and Mrs. B. Carder.

One single DOLLAR moves us to send The Cymbal anywhere in the United States for a whole year.

Telfer To Read Three Plays Saturday

Ronald Telfer is prepared to read "Hands Across the Sea," "We Were Dancing" and "The Red Peppers," three one-act plays from Noel Coward's collection, entitled, "Tonight at 8:30," when he comes to Carmel next Saturday night as the attraction for the American Legion Auxiliary.

Added to that, he has agreed to top off the evening with a Dorothy Parker monologue, one of her latest ones, which is a good way to top any evening, in our estimation.

This is the last of the series of play readings which Telfer has given this fall. The Auxiliary is hoping to inveigle him back again in the spring but the inveigling is yet to be done and Telfer may have other plans.

The hostesses tomorrow night will be Mrs. Robert Stanton, Mrs. J. L. Schroeder, Mrs. M. J. Peterson and Mrs. Ray Moore. Mrs. Peter Elliott is in charge of the refreshments and Mrs. E. H. Ewig will assist her. The affair begins at 8:30, just like the book, and the tickets are 55 cents at the door, or you can buy them at Staniford's, or at Lial's Music Shop in Monterey. As you know, the proceeds go to aid the welfare work conducted by the auxiliary.

Mrs. Peterson discouraged Telfer's desire to read "White Oaks" on the ground that the play was familiar to too many of us through the genius of Emma Knox and Baldwin McGaw. The plays to be heard tomorrow night are her choice.

Telfer tasted first success in Shakespeare. His favorite Shakespearean plays are "Love's Labor Lost" and "King Richard III." He produced them with his own reper-

tory company this last season. As *Marshbanks*, the dreamer, he played with Margaret Anglin in "Candida," and of all the plays he has acted in, he likes this one best. Telfer also played with May Robson in "Mother's Millions" and in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" and with Pauline Fredericks in "As Husbands Go." He also played in the long-run success, "Daddy Goes A-Hunting" with Marjorie Rambeau, and with Leo Carrillo in "Lombardi, Ltd." With all these plays to his credit, it does seem as though we should expect to see some mellow old character, flaunting a beard. But, surprisingly enough, Ronnie looks a mere lad. He is youthful, has a charming personality, and is not bad looking—not bad looking!

JIMMIE HOPPER MARRIES ELAYNE LAVRANS

Jimmie Hopper, author and contributor to many national magazines, pioneer member of the group that came to Carmel in its beginning, friend and contemporary of George Sterling, Mary Austin, Ambrose Bierce and Jack London, was

married in Reno recently to Elayne Lavrans.

Miss Lavrans was formerly a student of David Alberto's in Carmel, and it was through Alberto that she met Hopper.

Hopper is California director for the WPA writer's project, now compiling the "California Guide." He is in San Francisco now, taking over the duties from which he asked to be relieved for a month or two while he retired to his home in Carmel to catch up with some writing.

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"The wittles is up!"



The Editor had a lesson the other day in trade terms as used in the olive canning industry. He was looking at the label of a can of ripe olives on special sale in Nielsen's. The description gave him to understand that the enclosed olives were "Jumbos." In the editorial mind the word connoted something pretty big, in fact, the biggest of its kind. A natural error, I would say, even for an editor. But he quickly discovered that in the staccato lexicon of olive grading there were other ways of looking at size. He was shown a can containing the next larger size which was labeled "Mammoth." Before he had recovered his poise from the shock of that one he was dazzled by being shown still another can containing the next larger size and this was labeled "Colossal." Well, you can hardly blame him if it seemed as though the limit must have been reached but when I came in from the meat department I found him rocking on his feet from the final blow. He was holding a can and staring in a stunned sort of way at the word on the label—"Super-Colossal!"

Dear Aunt Nannie: You wanted the recipe for Virginia Brunswick Stew so I am going to tell you how I made it. I kept as close to the Chaya Tea Room directions as I could but I guess my version ought to have "à la Constant Eater" added to the title.

In the first place, the original was much too generous in quantity for our family and in the second place it called for ears of corn and butterbeans, which I couldn't get except in cans. You can use either a chicken or veal shin. I used half a veal shin which made a satisfactory base, both as to quantity and price, since it cost only 15¢. After all, one of the merits of a good stew should be its economy! Put this into a kettle and cover with water. Add 1 can of tomatoes (large size), two potatoes, peeled and cut in half, and a tablespoon of salt. Cook until the meat is tender and then take it out, remove from bone, pull meat into little pieces with fork and return to kettle. Mash the potatoes and add about a quarter of a pound of sliced okra, an onion, cut up, and a can of butter beans. Continue simmering this mixture and in the meantime open a medium-size can of creamed corn and rub it through a strainer and add to stew, after which you have to stir frequently to keep it from sticking to the bottom of the kettle. Add pepper and more salt if necessary. If you find that the stew is not as thick as it should be—and it should be "nice and thick," according to Mrs. Meacham's directions, sprinkle in a spoonful of minute tapioca. Some of the quantities of this recipe may be varied, of course, according to your own taste—more onion, perhaps. Also, as in making soup, it is safe to add other vegetables if you wish. I forgot to say that half a can of cream of asparagus soup which happened to be in the cooler at the time went into the stew which I made and which you liked.

You might be interested to know that I had a pleasant letter from Mrs. Meacham saying that the original recipe for Brunswick Stew was

made with squirrel meat!

It seems as if the publishing and reading world had suddenly waked up to the fact that doctors' experiences, if well told, make excellent stories and in the last few years medical reminiscences have become very popular. At first the doctors who had acquired fame and fortune were the ones who were urged to set down the record of their achievements. Then, with the public clamoring for more, it was found that unknown doctors who worked obscurely in quiet country places could provide even more heart-grIPPING stories and though their patients were less in number they often furnished literary material that made a wider appeal to the reading public.

I'll never be anything but the rankest tenderfoot myself and perhaps that is why the fascination which the West always had for me and which brought me out here in the first place will never quite be dredged out of that secret corner in the back of my mind which I keep for what I know quite well are sentimental survivals of youthful reading! At any rate, I am not at all ashamed to admit that the most absorbing book of doctor's experiences I have yet read is "Doctor at Timberline" by Dr. Charles Fox Gardiner, published by the Caxton Printers. You won't find a "Western thriller" that can beat this simply written story of the young doctor who went out from New York to practise medicine in the wild mountain country of Colorado. To the dismay and amusement of his city friends he intended to try the new life for a year or so. He stayed fifty years! He arrived in a little Rocky Mountain settlement ten thousand feet above sea level one day in January. It was in a small valley amid mountains towering on all sides still higher up into the clear cold blue. Snow shoveled off the roofs to keep them from caving in was piled in the middle of the one street in a long mound fifteen feet high. Everyone vent about on skis, even children just able to walk, and one of the young doctor's first experiences was hearing a mountain snowslide. His description is vivid:

"I heard a distant rumble that sounded like thunder in the mountains; it grew heavier, the walk under my feet shook, and then, with a last roar, the sound stopped. I wondered if it could be an earthquake; no one on the walk seemed to notice it so I asked a passing

miner what that noise was.

"Why, man alive," he exclaimed, 'don't you know snowslides when you hear them?'"

"So for the first time I heard that growl of the mountain giant that strikes terror to those who are in its path as, with a roar like heavy artillery, tons and tons of snow start sliding down the steep slopes far up above timber line and, gathering speed and weight in the rush, go like an express train, breaking through heavy trees as if they were straws, and at last, pile up with a crash in the bottom of some gulch, a mass of dirty snow and broken trees one hundred feet high, groaning and cracking as if in pain, until at last it sinks to a frozen silence."

Not long after this the doctor, on his way to an almost inaccessible mining camp fourteen thousand feet up, was so nearly caught in the path of one of these monsters of the mountains that he was badly knocked about and barely escaped with his life. His horse was killed! The book is filled with true adventures of the most hair-raising kind, making a picture of the "old West" and life among the miners and cowboys that, as I said, can't be beat by any writer's imagination grinding out fiction for the movies. It reads so like a book of adventure, indeed, that the youngest Constant Eater, who is deep in it now, remarked that it came as a surprise to him when the result of explosions left one man blind, shooting frays killed another, and in general, you couldn't depend on the happy ending to which he had become accustomed in the movies and fiction! A doctor is expected to go anywhere and everywhere on his errands of mercy and Dr. Gardiner admits frankly that he was often scared stiff at the tight places he found himself in. But in a most matter of fact way he

also tells how he was still more afraid of showing his fear so he never backed out no matter what he was up against.

Since "Doctor at Timberline" can hardly be classed in with cook books it has, strictly speaking, no place in this particular column. But there is a paragraph which I thought as I was reading the book would be relevant here, and then the rest of the book got so thrilling I plumb forgot about it until just now when it occurred to me I really ought to get in something about food. It was in a miner's cabin at the top of a mountain—the time he was almost buried in the snowslide and had to crawl most of the rest of the way that: "We had supper—the same old beans, bacon, and dough bread that was the usual meal in camps, varied occasionally by dried apples, potatoes, or flapjacks. I here saw for the first time beans being baked in an altitude kettle. At thirteen thousand feet you cannot boil potatoes or beans as you can at sea level; the water boils hard enough, but the air is so thin it all boils away without getting hot enough to cook beans or potatoes. So a boiler is used with the lid clamped down so that the boiling is done under pressure. There is a safety valve so that the steam blows off if the pressure becomes too high."

And that, believe me, is about the least interesting paragraph in a book every chapter of which is a breathlessly exciting tale mingling hardship, danger, humor, love and loyalty with the heartbreaking struggles of a conscientious young doctor in the early days of the West. Here's a grand book to give either man or boy for Christmas. Come to think of it, it's a grand book for anybody who likes to read!

—CONSTANT EATER

FRANCIS WHITAKER TO SIT IN THE SUN AT GUILD OF CRAFTSMEN SHOP

The shop of the Carmel Craftsmen in the Court of the Golden Bough is featuring the work of Francis Whitaker. His iron work will be on exhibition and on sale by the end of this week. There will also be numerous photographs of outstanding examples of his art, made by Horace Lyon, of the Carmel Camera Club. A portrait of Francis, done by Dr. R. A. Kocher, another Camera Club enthusiast, will be on display in the window of the Craftsmen's Shop.



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After Wild and Weird Wanderings Paul Haaron Has Settled Among Us

Paul Haaron is back again, and this time all signs indicate that he's here to stay, for he has a bride and a regular job, and, somehow or other, these things smack of permanency.

Paul's bride was Gertrud Connell of West Hampton, Long Island. She was the girl to whom he could drop postcards along the route of his gay and reckless wanderings over the map. This marriage wasn't a sudden impulse, but a logical sequence in the events that urged Paul to drop his free-lance, adventurous type of existence and settle down to three meals a day and the same roof over his head. This girl liked the same sort of things he liked, was a good companion, knew how to cook, and had proven that she could ride across Moriches Bay from West Hampton on the roof of a house during the recent hurricane, and think very little of it.

Paul started out as a naval aviator and during the war he was an instructor in naval aviation. Living at the American Flying Club in New York City, he got to know Jim Hall and Charlie Nordhoff, who were living there at the time. Thus it was, that after washing up a job as representative for Aero-Marine in Bermuda, he joined these

two in Tahiti. This was 1920.

Paul didn't stay in Tahiti. 1922 found him in San Francisco working on the *Journal*, a daily picture newspaper, since defunct. Then he got the brilliant idea of organizing an air service between San Pedro and Catalina Island. Ellard Bacon, Foster Curry and Wallace Curtis were in on it, too. They called it the Pacific Marine Airway and it is the oldest, continuously operated airline in the United States. They sold it out to Western Air Express who ran it until Phil Wrigley took it over.

In 1923 he was back in San Francisco, advertising manager for the M.J.B. Coffee Company. Then the vanilla business looked good, and it gave him a chance to dash off to Tahiti again. But the bottom fell out of the vanilla market as bottoms fall out of any market, so Paul hied himself to New York again where he soon found himself in the advertising agency business, working for George Batten Company, which eventually became that euphonious partnership so dearly beloved by all advertising men and gag-writers, Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn.

After that it was *Liberty* magazine, and Paul went to work at 10

High street in Boston, as New England advertising manager. At this time he began to pull in a few additional shekels doing free-lance writing. It seemed good enough, so he pulled up stakes again and dashed out to Berkeley to visit his mother and then wandered down into Mexico for a while.

But, again, the necessity of earning money cut short his wanderings, and 1928 found him in New York working on the *American Weekly*. Then, the advertising agency of McCann-Erickson got the United Aircraft account. They needed a man who knew about airplanes and advertising, too. Paul was their man. Then, they got the Ford account and sent Paul down into the deep south to handle that.

Suddenly came the idea that he should get the radio broadcasting rights for "Mutiny on the Bounty." Knowing Jim and Charlie and their aversion to any sort of business procedure, he didn't risk cabling, but hied him down to Tahiti to make the arrangements first-hand. It worked, and he came back with the rights and everything looked very rosy.

Then Jim Hall decided to come out to California. Paul met him in San Francisco, and together they drove down to Carmel to visit Adolph Hanke, whom Nordhoff and Hall had known in Tahiti. They stayed for a few days with the Hankes, then Jim went off, and Paul, who somehow or other had managed to fall in love with Carmel, took himself a house up near Father Serra's monument. It's 1936 now, and the fogs rolled in that year just as they do any other. Paul didn't like the fogs, so he went up to the valley and began to build himself a house at Robles del Rio.

Business took him to New York again, but this place was in his blood. He had been badly bitten. To return, under any conditions, was all he asked. Gertrud Connell wanted to come out to California, too, so they decided to get married and come out together. All this household and matrimony business meant that some sort of an income had to be coming in regularly. That is why Paul is working for the Berthold Motor Company in Monterey being terribly enthusiastic about the new Ford cars, particularly the new Mercury.

He's still at Robles del Rio, but we won't be surprised if we see Mr. and Mrs. Paul Haaron living in Carmel this winter.

+

"Wish Candle" Gets Fatter And Fatter

The 'wish candle' at the Del Monte Dairy is growing richer, and as it grows richer, it likewise grows more corpulent. Nickles, dimes and pennies decorate its dripping sides and as each candle stub is grafted on to the parent stem, the 'wish candle' becomes more prosperous.

But what of the wishes? Our ex-police commissioner, Joseph A. Burge, put in the first penny and made the first wish. Mrs. Cal Connette, co-owner and manager of the dairy with Letha Hicks, told us that his wish was to marry a certain lady, and, lo! the next week he did!

Bill Burke and Billy France of the Carmel Hardware across the street were responsible for the tiny Chinese house and the figure of the Chinaman that helps to make the 'wish candle' so imposing. Bill's wish was that there would be a \$5 bill in the candle some morning, and he goes in regularly to see if the wish had come true.

Some bright bird from Holman's had a card made up which reads:

"Wish candle. Insert coin and make a wish. If wish doesn't come true—repeat tomorrow." Other than that, it makes a good cigarette lighter and it's a good way to get rid of old candle stubs, which, according

to Cal, are as much of a problem as old razor blades.

+

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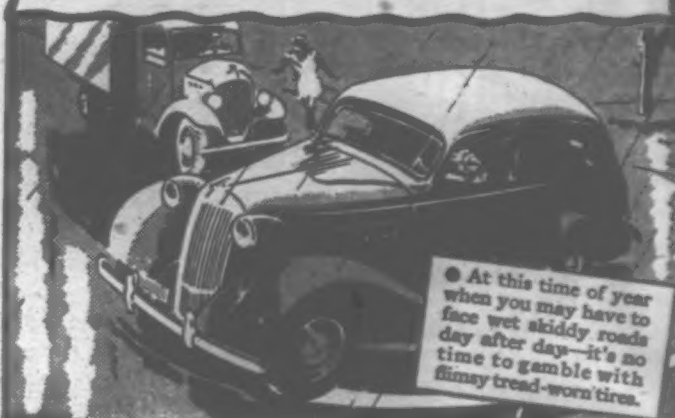
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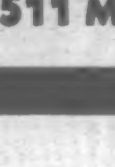
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NO EXTRA COST

You'll never know what the word stop really means until you've felt the grip of the Life-Saver Tread on a wet pavement. And you'll never know real freedom from blow-out worries until you've put the blow-out protection of the famous Goodrich Golden Ply between your car and the road. So come in today and let us give you this double protection at no extra cost. Play safe. Let us equip your car with Goodrich Safety Silvertowns now!



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The new **Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown**
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To Us from China Comes the News of Alison Stilwell's Unprecedented Success as a Painter

Interesting news comes from the Col. J. W. Stilwell family in Peking where the American Embassy maintains certain of the staff which bears credentials to the Chinese government.

Colonel Stilwell, military attache to our embassy, has spent most of the past year in Hankow, but managed to keep in some semblance of touch with his family through the mails which have been sustained in spite of the country's difficulties. The family wondered if the fall of Hankow might end their stay in China, but no word has come yet to indicate they are on the way back to the peace they yearn for in their home on Carmel Point. They fill their days with their own interests and try to make the most of a situation which has its trying times.

The oldest daughter, Nancy, arrived in this country and was married early in September at West Point to Lt. Ernest E. Easterbrook.

Winifred, known as "Doot," and Alison are studying painting, the former as a new form of her interest in art, while Alison has reaped the rewards of hard work at painting during the three years she has been in Peking following her work here with Arthur Hill Gilbert. In May, she held a one-man exhibit of 72 pictures at the Institute of Fine Arts. During these years in Peking, she has been studying with Chinese teachers, principally with Prince Pu Ju, and has cultivated the Chinese style which involves an understanding of the philosophy of the country as well as a technique quite different from the one she used here. The fact that 45 pictures, scrolls rather, from her exhibit were bought by Chinese speaks for the competence with which she handles her brush. This is a most unusual accomplishment for a foreigner and her ability is

considered quite extraordinary. The Rosenblocks, buyers from Gump's, saw her work and were so enthusiastic they want a similar show to be held in this country, but that will have to await Alison's return here.

Benny, the youngest of the Stilwells, has his hobbies, one being raising goldfish, but he follows the footsteps of his sisters in the cultivation of artistic tendencies. He, too, wields a skilful brush as those know who received Christmas cards from the Stilwells last year.

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Povla Frijsch To Sing Here December 3

Povla Frijsch, who comes to Carmel December 3 to open the 1938-39 season for the Carmel Music Society, has had far more than her share of praise from critics and musicians, but the general public, so far, knows very little of her. It was largely for this reason that the music society decided to bring her here. We're rather fond of recognizing the important ones before anyone else does. It has happened before and it is most satisfying.

Povla Frijsch has sung neither for the Metropolitan Opera company nor for the movies. Her voice is not big enough for the one, and her singing is not the type for the other. She is a great interpretative singer and too fine an artist to use her voice out of its proper medium.

She is appearing in San Francisco, but, unfortunately, not until after her Carmel performance, so we'll not be able to read the reviews before hearing her. We do have some Eastern reviews, however, and are quoting a few phrases that they have voiced in their unqualifiedly enthusiastic opinions. To wit: they speak of her remarkable power of engaging the attention of her listeners and holding it. Then, they mention her realization that songs are declamation as well as music, and to emphasize this, she has the gift to use, as far as they may be used legitimately, devices borrowed from the technique of the stage. One reviewer remarks on "her knowledge of music, which many singers have, and her understanding of it, which many have not." And, one and all, they speak of her unique ability to create for the whole audience the mood of each song.

As in the past, the Carmel Music Society series is made up of some artists who are well known and some who are not yet famous. Angna Enters, whose dancing is as fine as it is original and arresting, is second in the series. Casadesu, the great French pianist who made such a triumph in New York last year, comes next, and the Pasquier Trio, who have made a reputation for themselves in Europe and the East, are fourth in the series.

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ALL SAINTS' NOTICE

"Catching the Glow" is the theme chosen by the Rev. C. J. Hulswé for his next Sunday's service at All Saints' Episcopal Church. This service begins at 11 o'clock a.m., and during it the full vested choir will sing.

Holy Communion is at 8 a.m., and the Church School begins at 9:30 a.m.

All Saints' Episcopal Church is on Monte Verde street near Ocean avenue. Come and sing the familiar hymns and join for an hour in the uplift of real worship. All are invited.

Telephone Users Are Increasing

N. R. Powley, president of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, tells us that the gain in telephones for the first ten months of this year was 54,170. This contrasts with the gain in the like period for 1937 of 102,684. The gain for October was 10,442 as compared with a gain of 13,625 in October, 1937.

Powley says that as of October 31, 1938, the Pacific company and its subsidiaries—the Southern California Telephone Company and Bell Telephone Company of Nevada—were serving 1,837,397 telephones, an all time high. The companies now serve 11 per cent more telephones than they did prior to the depression in the early thirties.

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HIGHLANDS INN

Highlands Inn has been entertaining Mrs. L. W. Lenox and her family from the Philippine Islands. Miss Charlotte Eaton, associate editor of *American Home Magazine*, has been visiting here from New York City. Among the honey-mooners are Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Kennedy of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Eells of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Mingst of Chico and Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Barbour of Santa Monica. Highlands Inn is never lovelier than at this time of the year when the horizon is free from fog and the sunsets spread a blaze of glory over the ocean.

+ + +

Sandra Graft, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George E. Graft of Carmel, has sailed on the Italian liner *Rex* for a three-months' sojourn in Italy and Egypt. Mrs. C. G. Nesper of San Jose is with her.

Mrs. Rendtorff to Review Book By Hitler

The regular luncheon meeting of the Monterey County League of Women Voters will be held at Pine Inn on Tuesday, November 15, at 11:45 a.m. Miss Beatrice Goldman, who will be remembered from last year very favorably, is to be the speaker. Her subject: "The Too-Much Promised Land." The charge for the luncheon is 65 cents, plus tax.

The Foreign Relations section of the League will hold its meeting on November 22 at the Girl Scout House in Carmel. This section has grown so rapidly that it is no longer able to meet in the confines of any ordinary living room. The meeting at the Scout House begins at 2 o'clock p.m.

Mrs. Karl Rendtorff is going to review Hitler's own book, "Mein Kampf," at a special event scheduled to take place on December 2. This is the first in a series of special events planned for the purpose of raising a sum of money which the league stands in need of this year. Mrs. Rendtorff, with her intimate knowledge of the German language, that country and its people, is particularly capable of discussing this

book.

The League of Women Voters is anxious to increase its membership, and if there were ever a time when League members should be proud to belong to their association, it is now. There is so much to do to make this a better democracy in which to live. Furthermore, the League wants to keep its members year after year, and does not want to drop them for non-payment of dues. No organization can live effectively unless it is well financed, and this winter will be a busy one. Regular dues are \$2. a year, sustaining dues, \$5 and \$10. Checks should be sent to Miss Clara Hinds, Box 1953, Carmel, or to Mrs. B. D. Marx Greene, 1107 Franklin street, Monterey, or come to the luncheon meeting prepared to pay your dues.

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COMMUNITY NOTICE

Dr. Wilber W. McKee, of the Carmel Community Church on Lincoln street near Ocean avenue, has chosen as his subject for the 11 o'clock service Sunday, "The Religion of the Second Mile." Those who seek an hour of quiet uplift in worship will receive a sincere welcome.

The Church School will meet at 9:45 a.m. The minister's Bible Class meets at 10 a.m. The Junior Christian Endeavor meets at 5 p.m.

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DOG DAYS—AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

"grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be;
The last of life
For which the first was made."

Such seem to be the sentiments of Spotty Hyde Alexander. Spot will be remembered as one of the gayest and most dashing men-about-town several years ago. Then he was adopted by Irene Alexander, who took him East with her. They returned to Carmel last summer and Spot has settled down to a dignified old age. No more philandering or gadding about for him. He spends his time lying in the sun or before the open fire, dreaming of the escapades of his youth.

Rumor has it that Misan Fraser was the Yorkshire that George Salter had in mind when he illustrated "The Journey of Tapiola," Robert Nathan's new book. The illustrations in "Tapiola" are the exact replica of Misan, even to the pink bow. Incidentally, this is a delightful story and tells of the adventures of Tapiola, the little Yorkshire who wanted to be a hero; Richard, the canary, and Jeremiah, the rat, as they go adventuring. It is a charming fantasy in the best Nathan manner.

Baby Thompson is not unlike "Ferdinand the Bull" in that he is so often mistaken for a very precocious fellow when he is as mild as milk at heart. Baby is a large pet bull belonging to the John Milton Thompsons, and looks like a pretty tough fellow, but he is as gentle as a kitten. It bewilders him when he playfully bounds up to someone to have that person run away screaming in terror. Poor Baby, he just can't understand why people are afraid of him; he only wants to play. It is hard to be so misunderstood.

Tippy Meyer is celebrating her third birthday this week. That attractive Miss Meyer is a popular member of the Pekingese set and takes an active part in their social activities. Her owner, Miss Gussie Meyer, is arranging a party for Tippy to celebrate the happy occasion.

"A soul that cannot speak to you
But thro' his eyes—his wag of tail;
A soul! whence came it from—
think you?
The Dog's—which ever shall prevail."

NEWSPAPERMAN SELLS BOOK HE WROTE IN CARMEL

Dean S. Jennings, San Francisco newspaperman, has just received word of purchase of his first book, "Legman," by George Palmer Putnam, publisher.

Jennings spent most of the summer in Carmel where he worked on the book and on articles for a number of national magazines.

He plans to leave soon for Hollywood, where he will work with Putnam on final preparation of the manuscript for publication.

The book is a collection of Jennings' experiences during his days as a reporter in San Francisco and Paris, France, and will be the first of its kind to appear.

CLASSIFIED ADS ARE POTENT.

BOONDOGGEREL (After Ogden Nash)

There used to be a time of comparative serenity
When we didn't have to worry about anything but a fair amount of amenity
Towards one another, and if we preserved that there was an atmosphere
of amity
And we didn't have to feel we were dogged by some ominous
We were happily ignorant that the Sudeten Germans occupied any place
on the map
And as for the Czechs and the Slovenes and the Hungarians we didn't
give a snap
That was a state of mind sublime
But that has to be relegated to the category of "Once upon a time."
NOW that we have learned that Democracies are nothing but carrion,
And we are haunted by that big, ugly word "Totalitarian"
And we wake up nights wondering if we ought not to be pure Aryan,
And we distrust ourselves if we are decent or kind or humanitarian,
We feel we ought to develop some new kind of crust
In a world that has no regard for anything like honor or trust.
So it is no wonder we are looking for something unexpected from the stars
And get all jittery over the prospect of a possible invasion from Mars.
It also explains why, since the world is going to crack up anyhow and
leave us nothing but dregs,
Some people slumped into the voting booth and stamped the ballot "Yes"
for "Ham and Eggs."

—GERTRUDE TOOKER

THE FUSE BOX

MAJOR COOTE EXPLAINS ABOUT WILFRED AND TREE TORTURE

Editor, CYMBAL:

I think it is going too far—this ragging of our most illustrious scientist, Dr. D. T. MacDougal. You editors so often seem to think you know more than you do about scientific matters.

Frinstance, do you know anything about Wilfred? You probably don't even know that this is the name of a squirrel who interferes with Doc's experiments.

I'm not saying that Wilfred can or cannot be blamed for rain gauge trouble, but I do know on Doc's authority that he seriously interferes with the torture machines back of Pico Blanco; machines I mentioned recently, blaming a redwood tree for SNORING, not SNOW-ING as you printed it.

It was Wilfred's fault, not Doc's or the redwood's, so don't be like that.
—R. A. COOTE

MOTORIST HAS HIS IRE AROUSSED BY WHAT HE CALLS "JAY-WALKING"

My Dear Bill:

Last week's CYMBAL carried an editorial from your pen anent horn-blowing; also a few excerpts from the law in re same from Hixsoner Rom.

I've the utmost respect for Judge Rom, the office he holds and the law. Also I respect you and agree with what you wrote in the aforementioned editorial—But!

You know those little alleys that are cut through the parking on Ocean Avenue? They are a cordial invitation to "Please Jaywalk!" And do the people do it? If you will stand on either side of Ocean Avenue at any time of the day from 8 a.m. to 10:30 p.m. you'll see the most goah-awful "jaywalkers" on earth.

Here is how they do it: Cross from the sidewalk to the center parking, then cutting diagonally up or down the street to the next corner. Never do they look to see if a car is approaching. They know that the motorist is his brother's keeper. I blew my horn at one of them the other day and the look I got in return made me lame! I be-

lieve in mutual courtesy and I know you do, also.

Why then do we allow these morons to wander around like lost souls and then wail because some motorist in his righteous ire blows his horn to get them out of the way?

Don't forget: Those cities with the fewest traffic accidents—where auto horns are prohibited, have stringent laws anent "jay walkers." Also they have traffic signals.

Let's be fair. We will incarcerate the driver who makes a nuisance of himself by unnecessarily blowing the horn. Also let's reserve a cell next to him for the cluck who "jay walks."

—WALTER BENNETT
Nov. 9, 1938.

A WARNING TO BEWARE OF "ANONYMOUS PLANSTERS"

Editor, THE CYMBAL:

May I, through the courtesy of your columns, have a word with your readers regarding the specious "movements" by means of which anonymous World-State plansters, using cleverly and carefully devised traps, aim to stampede the American People (and the people of other nations) into clamoring for changes which, if effected, would (little though the misled desired, or suspected the possibility of, such results), place the American People into subjection under rulers of a World-Utopia, a planned World-State.

It would, perhaps, facilitate correct assessment of any proposals, whether originating from anonymous or from known plansters, if the following points be borne in mind.

For each of us, individually, democracy, freedom and security begin or end right where we live.

Could there be a more dangerous

and paralyzing doctrine than the impossible and utterly theoretical idea that the way to solve a problem is to enlarge its boundaries, the machine that there can be no solution of one country's problems until agreement has been obtained from every other country under the sun?

America's real wealth is as great, per head, as that of any country; and is ample to provide security for many times the present population.

The decisions of people of other countries (as well as those of the family next door) as to how they will order their lives, are their own business, and not ours unless they encroach upon our freedom.

It is the settled policy of international finance to diminish local sovereignty; it should be our policy to increase it.

Only with individual freedom (to choose or refuse one thing at a time) can individuals and therefore the human race develop a Nature intends, as God intends.

Nature makes us individually responsible for our actions and for our decisions as to policy (the results we want). To enter into submission to world-plansters, giving them power to decide policy for us, would be to throw away our birthright of freedom. Are we willing to forget the blood and tears our forefathers lost that we might be free? Are we willing to deliver ourselves and our children into unescapable bondage?

Our true friend does not approach us in disguise, nor anonymously, nor under a cloak of secrecy; but the wolf in sheep's clothing has reason to hide his identity. Beware of anonymous leaders and their schemes.

Until we have true freedom and security at home, we should shun internationalism as we would the devil.

If we had true freedom at home, then the right kind of internationalism would be fairly sound and proper. But not first, not before we have established and are enjoying true freedom and security at home. The only safeguard, against a world ruled by the international credit monopoly, is nationalism.

Long may the American People retain their SOVEREIGNTY, a Sovereign People, free, secure and unafraid.

Yours for true democracy.

—ERNEST J. ATTER

Carmel, Nov. 8

CLASSIFIED ADS ARE POTENT.

CLARA VESTAL HOLDS HER LISTENERS IN FLOWER ARRANGEMENT TALK

Clara Vestal gave the second lecture in her series at the Art Institute last Wednesday afternoon. She stressed color harmony in symmetrical flower arrangements and held the interest of her audience so completely that not one of her listeners realized that the hours had flown and that they would be home much later than they intended to be. Next Wednesday the lecture will begin half an hour earlier. This means 2:30 instead of 3 o'clock. At this time, Vestal will stress backgrounds, draperies and interior decorations and their relation to flower backgrounds.

The Vestal series is still proving to be more than anyone expected and enthusiasm runs high.

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In Which We Write to R. P. Sexton About Monopolies—Particularly His

R. P. Sexton,
Monterey Peninsula Manager,
Pacific Telephone & Telegraph
Company,

Monterey.

My dear Mr. Sexton:

This is a letter about monopolies and their ways, particularly your monopoly and its ways. It is not meant to be bitterly critical; it is more in the line of a soliloquy. Perhaps it contains within it something of an explanation of why some people are bitterly critical of monopolies. It concerns a personal experience of mine with your monopoly or, rather, my experience and reactions after your men had taken your monopoly off the scene of—well, should I say, of deprivations?

It was last Tuesday. I went home at 1 o'clock to lunch. As usual with me, before my food was ready, I took a tour over the "estate." At the corner at the rear of the house, on what I choose to call a garden path, I discovered at my feet two fairly good-sized branches of a pine tree. I picked them up and found that they could not have been the prey of a squirrel. They had not been chewed off, but sawed off. I looked up into the tree and there I saw the first definite evidence of a visit from your monopoly.

A huge galvanized iron screw-hook had been screwed into the trunk of the tree, a foot or two above the eave-line of the roof. The telephone wire from across the street had been boosted from its former connecting point under the eaves to this hook and through it to the other far corner of the house. While formerly it had ridden, unnoticeable under the eaves, now it rode through the air and to a hideous copper insulation stuck up from the roof.

In the house I learned that one of the men representing your monopoly on the job had acquainted members of my family with the activities outside only when he came in to use the telephone to notify your office that the work was finished.

Now, my point is that if you weren't a monopoly, and if it were possible for me to get so mad at you that I could make you take your telephone out and get one from somebody else, you wouldn't have done things this way.

You would have come to my front door and explained that better-service requirements made it necessary to change the connection of the telephone wire on my house.

You would have explained that it would be necessary to cut branches off my tree.

You would have cleaned the fallen branches off my garden path.

You would have removed from along the back of the house the insulated conveyances whose use you abandoned, and which aren't any attractive addition to my home.

In other words, you would have been as considerate of my welfare and of my feelings as are my milk man and my grocer. They know that if they throw broken bottles or empty cartons around my yard, I'd

jolly well get another milk man or another grocer. You know I can't get another telephone. But should that make any difference?

I ask you,

W. K. B.

+ + +

Amelie Waldo Talks on Art Project

Amelie Waldo, supervisor for the Monterey district of the WPA Federal Art Project, spoke before the members of the Women's Auxiliary of the Carmel Community Church last Tuesday afternoon. The meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Jessie Askew.

Amelie's discourse explained the objectives of the Federal Art and Writers' projects as they function both nationally and locally. She stressed the aim of the art project, which is to train as well as to employ, and in teaching the love of the beautiful to stimulate creative activity. She went into the various activities in connection with the project, such as the building of centers, galleries, and the circulation of works of art throughout the country by means of the traveling exhibits.

In mentioning the Writers' Project, of which Eleanor Irwin is the supervisor in this district, Mrs. Waldo spoke of the compilation of the guide books of cities and surrounding areas as a distinct contribution to civil life. Monterey is being given a special volume on which Mrs. Waldo and her staff are now working. It will accent the history and natural beauty of this section.

In taking up new business, the auxiliary gave the date for their pre-Christmas sale as November 26. Basket lunches were enjoyed and the hostess served coffee.

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The Monday Afternoon Club held its annual guest day last Monday afternoon in the beautiful flower-decked lounge of Del Monte Lodge. Miss Winifred Robley, president of the club, made a welcoming speech and Mrs. John P. Sandholdt introduced Miss Harriett Griffith, and Mrs. Mary Farrell, soloist and speaker, respectively, who provided the entertainment. Miss Griffith was accompanied by E. C. Hopkins and both her choice of songs as well as her pleasing voice and charming personality were greatly enjoyed by the guests of the occasion.

SWEETHEARTS



JUNE STOREY and RALPH BYRD in "Down in Arkansaw" Sharing Honors with the Marx Brothers at the Carmel Theatre Sunday, Monday and Tuesday.

Marx Brothers Or 'Arkansaw' Your Choice

At the Carmel Theatre on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, November 13, 14 and 15, the management has generously decided to offer us a double bill for our money. "Room Service" with the mad Marx Brothers, plus a trio of good ones to handle the principal roles. Ann Miller has the romantic lead opposite Frank Albertson, and Lucille Ball, of "Stage Door" fame, has another bright role along with the rest. They say that this time the Marx Brothers have been given a real plot to vault through. You'll be able to see what they do with it if you're a Marx Brothers addict, and there are many of us who are.

If "Room Service" hasn't got you completely won over to the idea of not missing it, perhaps the addition of "Down in Arkansaw" will do the trick. The Weaver Brothers and Elvira are in it, also Pinky Tomlin. Ralph Byrd and June Storey handle the romance, and if you look at the picture you may like what you see. If you like hill-billy stuff, then this is what you're going to get plenty of. Personally, we'd pass up the Marx Brothers anytime to see "Down in Arkansaw," even though Bob Burns isn't in it.

CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE

Mrs. Charles Wheeler and her daughter, Hannah (Mrs. Hobart Prince), are busy arranging their household possessions which have arrived from Kenya, South Africa. After eight years in Africa, they are taking up residence at Pebble Beach.

Before returning to this country, Mrs. Wheeler and Mrs. Prince drove for four months through remote sections of Africa—we won't say 'darkest,' but there were plenty of lions about. Mrs. Prince understands about automobile engines. Armed with a monkey wrench, a spanner and an oil can, she can tackle any motor trouble that arises and settle it satisfactorily. Mrs. Wheeler was armed with a movie camera. The pictures she brought back with her are remarkable. Both women more or less explode the theory that lions are dangerous. If you tease them, they're liable to resent it. Or, if they've gone without food, which doesn't happen very often in that country, they're inclined to experiment a bit with human flesh. But Mrs. Wheeler can get up to within a few feet of them with never a quiver.

Eight years ago, before the African expedition, these two adventurous women drove up into Tibet. They managed to penetrate sections of it that no white woman had ever penetrated before. Their thirst for adventure has led them into some odd spots. Now, their adventuring seemingly at an end, they are going in for home-making, which probably seems the oddest thing of all to them.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Albee and their six-months-old daughter, Carolyn May, returned to their new home at Torres and First last Sunday night. They have been down south visiting families and exhibiting Carolyn May. One interesting thing that took place was the christening of little Carolyn May on October 23 at the home of Mrs. Albee's parents, Mr. and Mrs.

H. W. Yarick of Glendale. The ceremony took place beneath a Monterey pine that had been sent to Glendale from the Peninsula 30 years ago by the baby's great-grandmother, Mary Elizabeth Hesser, Pacific Grove pioneer who founded the museum there all of 70 years ago and acted as its curator for the first 25 years of its existence. Dr. C. M. Calderwood of the Westwood Community Church officiated, and among the relatives present were the paternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Albee of Los Angeles.

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Little BUSINESS DIRECTORY

ads in The Cymbal best reach our long parade of readers.

CARMEL THEATRE	
Friday • November 11	
John Barrymore, Joan Davis Jack Haley	
HOLD THAT CO-ED	
March of Time No. 2	
Saturday • November 12	
Lynn Bari, June Lang	
MEET THE GIRLS	
Jackie Moran, Marcia Mae Jones	
BAREFOOT BOY	
Sun, Mon, Tues • Nov. 13, 14, 15	
The Marx Brothers	
ROOM SERVICE	
Pinky Tomlin, Weaver Brothers Elvira	
DOWN IN ARKANSAW	
Wednesday • November 16	
Tom Walls, Renee Saint-Cyr	
STRANGE BOARDERS	
Also Ten-Win	
Thurs, Fri • Nov. 17, 18	
Bing Crosby, Fred MacMurray Ellen Drew	
SING YOU SINNERS	

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Leoncavallo's opera

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or 545

Badminton Gets Most Everyone Eventually

Now that winter is at hand, interest in badminton takes an upturn. Wednesday nights at the Mission Ranch Club sees the courts full, players waiting their turn, and plenty of lookers-on. Marguerite Moll is promoting tournaments again, and the first of the monthly badminton suppers took place last Wednesday night. It's like last winter, only different.

For one thing: the tap room is no longer a dim, drinking den. Its aspect has changed entirely. There is a friendly glow that definitely doesn't emanate from the bar. There is a feeling of spaciousness that spreads beyond the fireplace, on through the wide doorway and into the many-windowed addition, embracing many more groups of tables and chairs than there were before. No wonder they've discarded the name 'tap-room' and are using the 'lounge' as the favored spot.

Addie McKnight, that pearl of great price who presides over the kitchen, outdid herself last Wednesday night when she prepared the buffet supper. Even now, we can close our eyes and drop into a sort of a drooling coma thinking about it. There was a huge bowl of Harvard beets, one of cole slaw, another of lettuce and whatnot; then a platter each of stuffed celery and stuffed cucumbers; a molded tomato salad, a veal aspic with a center of avocados and grapefruit sections; a corn ring with a center of fresh peas; a huge dish of scalloped potatoes and one of candied sweets; a baked ham that you could cut with your fork; apple sauce to go with it, pink apple sauce that got that way from associating with cinnamon drops; two plates of home-made bread and butter, one white, one brown; a molded fruit salad, dessert, coffee and small cakes. We all lined up and helped ourselves, and most of us went back for more. Funny, how ecstatic we can get about mere food, but this wasn't ordinary victuals by a long shot.

To mention a few names: Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Mulvin, George and Anne Hopps, Captain and Mrs. DeWitt Blamer, Kal Saper, Margaret Lang, Phoebe and Ray Force, Dr. and Kay Brownell, John Thompson, Ruth and Carl Burroughs, Ivy Van Cott and some lad, Betty Work, Lee Crowe, Maxine Burhans, Marguerite Moll, Muriel Marsh, Arthur Pitcaithley, and, of course, Chris Crichton and David Eldridge. Dr. and Mrs. Marshall Carter and Tom and Norma Work were on the badminton courts later, but they missed out on the supper. John and Mitzi Eaton arrived late after finishing up with their new dancing class at Del Monte. Some played bridge and some played the new Chinese checkers, and the fire burned brightly and the flowers nodded gaily. It was all right.

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Shakespeare Workshop Group of the Carmel Players has diction and Shakespeare reading Tuesday evening from 7:15 to 9:15 in the Green Room on Casanova street.

On Tuesday and Friday afternoons Shakespeare plays are rehearsed with a view to possible production. The hour is 4 o'clock. Anyone who would like to read parts is invited.

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CYMBAL CLASSIFIED columns give you a valuable medium for exchange.

A Proclamation

Each year Americans in every community are called upon to take part in a great nationwide movement to relieve human suffering and raise health standards in this country. I refer to the work done by the Carmel Chapter of the American Red Cross and thousands of other chapters throughout the country.

It is not necessary, I know, for me to remind citizens of our community that the work of the Red Cross is a vital contribution to our community welfare. Both from the standpoint of the year-round local welfare program and work on a national basis such as the relief for victims of disasters, the fight against epidemics, public health nursing for isolated communities, or assistance to service men or disabled veterans, Red Cross aid to those needing help has proved its worth.

For years past our community has had a share in this work through contributions made by local citizens.

The annual membership Roll Call of the Red Cross, through which such work is supported, is from Armistice Day through Thanksgiving Day. Your support during this period will insure a continuation of Red Cross work here and in other parts of the country. The Red Cross asks so little, yet does so much, that we cannot afford to deny such an appeal.

I am pleased, therefore, as Mayor of Carmel, to designate this period as a time when all members will be asked to renew their memberships, and those who have not enrolled before are asked to add their names to the ranks of Red Cross members in our community.

[Signed] HERBERT HERON

Carmel, California.
November 1, 1938

Just in Case...

YOU SHOULD WANT TO KNOW

STATISTICS ON THE TOWN

Carmel, in a pine forest (Carmel-by-the-Sea on the unabashed records, and "nestled" in a pine forest, according to realtors), on the shore of the expansive Pacific Ocean, is about 130 miles south of San Francisco by road and rail, and about 330 miles north of Los Angeles (God help us!) by the naturally beautiful but peace-devastating new coast highway.

Within our corporate borders dwell during tranquil nine months of the year about 3,000 human beings of varying degrees of personal charm and about 1297 dogs, all lovable. We cover a geographical area of 425 acres and have 1416 dwellings. We tolerate 164 separate and distinct places of business.

Directly adjacent to us, but not within our municipal city limits are residence sections known to us as Carmel Point, Carmel Woods, Pebble Beach, Hatton Fields and the Mission Tract, with an estimated aggregate population of 570 humans. Dogs 94. Also using us for shopping purposes are Carmel Highlands, where State Senator Ed Tickle runs Highlands Inn, and the Carmel Valley. They have an estimated population of 250 humans. Dogs, 48.

That gives us about 3,800 human beings and 1,439 dogs in "metropolitan" Carmel.

CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW

Five members of the city council who, with their designated commissions, are: Mayor and Commissioner of Finance—Herbert Heron.

Commissioner of Police and Lights—Frederick R. Bechthold.

Commissioner of Streets—Clara Kellogg.

Commissioner of Fire and Water—Everett Smith.

Commissioner of Health and Safety—Hazel Watrous.

The above get no pay.

City Clerk and Assessor—Saides Van Brower. Telephone 110.

City Treasurer—Ira D. Taylor.

Appointive offices with their incumbents are:

City Attorney—William L. Hudson.

Police Judge—George P. Ross. Telephone 1003.

Building Inspector—B. W. Adams. Telephone 481.

Tax Collector—Thomas J. Hefing. Telephone 376.

Police Department—Chief Robert Norton. Patrolmen, Earl Wermuth, Roy Frates, Leslie Overhulse. Telephone 131.

Fire Department—Chief Robert Leidig. Chief and 21 members are volunteers. Two paid truck drivers. Fire House on Sixth avenue, between San Carlos and Mission streets. Telephone 100.

Park and Playground Commission—Corum Jackson, chairman.

The City Hall, to which we point without pride, is on Dolores street, between Ocean and Seventh avenues.

The council holds its regular meeting there on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of the month at 7:45 p.m.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library is at the north-east corner of Ocean avenue and Lincoln street. Hours are 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays. Books free to permanent residents. A charge of \$3 a year is made to permanent residents in the Carmel district outside the city and owning property inside it. A deposit

of \$3 is required of transients, retained at the rate of 25 cents a week during use of the library.

The library board of trustees meets every second Tuesday of the month at 10:30 a.m.

The library possesses the Ralph Chandler Harrison collection of original etchings, part of which is continually on display.

Anybody living in the county may apply for a county card and obtain county library books through the Carmel library.

CARMEL ART INSTITUTE

Seven Arts Building. Classes in all arts and crafts. Kit Whitman, director. Telephone 1222.

ART GALLERY

The Carmel Art Association Gallery, open to the public, displaying the original work of Monterey Peninsula artists, is on the west side of Dolores street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, a block and a half north of Ocean avenue. The hours are 2 to 5 p.m. every day or mornings and evenings by appointment. Call 327. Mrs. Clara Otto, curator.

CARMEL MISSION

Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio de Carmelo. Founded 1770 by Fray Junipero Serra. Drive south on San Carlos street, continuing on winding paved road quarter of a mile. The Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, pastor. Telephone 750. Regular masses Sunday, 7, 9 and 11 a.m. Visiting hours, weekdays, 9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p.m. Sunday, after masses.

CHURCHES

All Saints' Church (Episcopal). East side of Monte Verde street a half block south of Ocean avenue. The Rev. Carl J. Hulsewé, rector. Telephone 230. Services: Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. and on the first Sunday of every month also at 11 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a.m.

Community Church. Lincoln street, half a block south from Ocean avenue. The Rev. Wilber W. McKee, D.D., pastor. Telephone 977-j. Services: Worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Junior League, 5 p.m. Epworth League, 7 p.m.

First Church of Christ, Scientist. East side of Monte Verde street, north from Ocean avenue a block and a half. Services: Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 p.m. Reading room, south side of Ocean avenue between Lincoln and Monte Verde. Open daily from 11 to 5 and evenings (except Sunday and Wednesday) from 7 to 9. Holidays, 1 to 5 o'clock.

THEATERS

Carmel Theatre. In downtown district, Ocean avenue and Mission street. L. J. Lyons, resident manager. Regular motion picture programs every evening, with matinees every day during summer. Telephone 282.

Filmarte Theatre. West side of Monte Verde street between Eighth and Ninth avenues. Richard Bare, manager. Exceptional films shown regardless of age or origin. Evening performances 7 and 9 o'clock; matinees Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday at 2:30 p.m. Telephone 403.

Forest Theater. Natural amphitheater in pine woods. Owned by city in park and playground area. Mountain View avenue, three blocks south of Ocean avenue.

POST OFFICE

South-east corner of Ocean avenue

CLASSIFIED ADS

RATE: Ten cents a line for one insertion. Eight cents a line per insertion for two insertions. Thirty cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Minimum charge per ad, twenty cents. Count six four-letter words per line.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

CLOSE TO SCHOOL, two lots with a modern Carmel Home for sale. Unfurnished. Reasonable. NEWELL AND STRAITH, Telephone 303. (20)

A REAL CHANCE to own an unusual home on a fine residential corner. Four bedrooms, four baths, living room, dining room, kitchen, garage and charming large brick patio and garden. BOSTICK & WOOD, Ocean and San Carlos, Tel. 50. (20)

HOUSES TO RENT

FOR RENT: If you want an attractive, furnished, sunny house for winter or year, situated near beach, Ocean avenue and village, call owner, Carmel 227. (20)

"CROSS TRAILS"—Eunice Gray's cottage on Carmelo street between Thirteenth and Santa Lucia. Also smaller cottage. Apply there. (tf)

and Mission street. Irene Cator, postmaster.

Mail closes—For all points, 6:40 a.m. (air mail) and 7:40 p.m. For all points except south, 1:40 p.m. Sundays and holidays, 6:40 a.m. only.

Mail available—From all points 10:45 a.m. Principally from north and east 3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. This includes Saturday, but the windows close on Saturday at 12 m. They are closed all day Sunday, but mail is placed in the boxes in the morning before 10:45 a.m.

RAILWAY EXPRESS

South side of Seventh street, between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Ira D. Taylor, manager. Telephone 64.

TELEGRAPH

Western Union. East side of Dolores street, between Ocean and Seventh avenues. Telephone 630 or Call Western Union.

Postal Telegraph. Telephone, Call Postal Telegraph.

BANKS

Bank of Carmel. North side of Ocean avenue between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Charles L. Berkey, manager. Telephone 312.

Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank (Carmel Branch). West side of Dolores street between Ocean and Seventh avenues. J. E. Abernethy, manager. Telephone 920.

PUBLIC UTILITIES

Pacific Gas and Electric Company. West side of Dolores street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues. L. G. Weir, manager. Telephone 778. If no answer, call 178.

Electric Telephone and Telegraph Company. South-east corner of Dolores and Seventh avenue. Telephone 20.

Water Company. Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank Building on Dolores street. Telephone 138.

TAXI SERVICE

Joe's 24-hour service. Ocean avenue, next to library, and Sixth and Dolores. Telephone 15.

Greyhound 24-hour service. Ocean avenue and Dolores. Telephone 40.

BUS SERVICE

Greyhound Lines. Pacific street in Monterey in San Carlos Hotel building. Telephone Monterey 5887. Carmel, north-west corner of Dolores and Ocean avenue. Telephone Carmel 40.

Departures from Monterey. Northbound, A.M.: 7:30, 9:35. P.M.: 1:10, 2:45, 4:20, 6:45. Southbound, A.M.: 9:00, 10:55. P.M.: 6:45, 10:10.

Departures from Carmel. Northbound, 6:20 p.m. Southbound, 11:34 a.m.

Greyhound night-seeing car makes daily trips to Big Sur at 1:25 p.m.

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JOIN RED CROSS, REMEMBERING ITS TIRELESS, UNSELFISH SERVICE



Today, Armistice Day, marks the inauguration of the 1939 Roll Call for American Red Cross. Under the leadership of Mrs. R. R. Wallace, general chairman, and Mrs. William N. Dekker, district chairman, a fine organization of women and men has been perfected to contact every adult citizen in the Carmel District for memberships between now and Thanksgiving Day.

A determined effort will be made to obtain 1,000 members during the period of the Roll Call. The budget of \$4,300 covers a well-rounded relief program for the district, maintenance of the Red Cross ambulance, and dues to aid in the support of the national organization.

Carmel has always responded generously to Red Cross appeal, owing to the fact that the local chapter gives special attention to under-nourished children, the unemployed and the aged.

Instructions were given the members of the Roll Call organization at a special meeting held at the Girl Scout House on Monday afternoon.

During the next two weeks, the Roll Call workers will endeavor to contact every home in the district, and it is hoped that they will be received cordially and subscriptions given freely for this worthy cause.

The following comprises the campaign personnel:

General Chairman, Mrs. R. R. Wallace; Director, C. W. Lee; Dis-

trict Organization, Mrs. William N. Dekker, chairman.

District No. 1: Mrs. Carl von Saltza, Miss Nan McCormick, Mrs. John W. Dickinson, Mrs. D. B. Walker, Mrs. Guy W. Jordan.

District No. 2: Miss F. Curtin, Miss Jane Burritt, Margaret Moll, Mrs. Tom Work, Miss Agnes Wiliston.

District No. 3: Miss Helen Woolsey, Mrs. Tom Mulvin, Mrs. Woodburn, Mrs. Raymond Force.

District No. 4: Mrs. Hugh Comstock.

District No. 5: Mrs. Harry Duffee, Mrs. J. B. McCarthy, Miss Helen Heavey, Miss Ethel M. Cook, Miss Betty Carr.

District No. 6: Mrs. Edward David, Mrs. O. W. Irwin, Mrs. Paul Whitman, Mrs. L. L. Dewar, Miss Mary Jane Hawley, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins.

Hatton Fields: Mrs. Webster Street, chairman, Mrs. Peter Ferrante, Mrs. T. B. Taylor, Mrs. Carl Burroughs, Mrs. William N. Dekker.

Carmel Highlands: Mrs. Caroline Pickett, chairman; Miss Flavia Flavin.

Carmel Valley: Mrs. H. J. Morse, Mrs. J. Weaver Kitchen.

Carmel Point: Miss Lydia Weld, Miss E. J. Montgomery, Mrs. Rolf Bolin.

Pebble Beach: Mrs. R. R. Wallace, Miss F. L. Stewart.

Big Sur: Col. T. B. Taylor.

Business District: E. H. Ewig, chairman; Fred McIndoe, Harry C. Hilbert, Victor Graham, A. C. La Frenz, Jack C. Herron.

Sunset School: Mrs. Lilly Trowbridge.

D. T. MacDougal's Latest Book Gets High Praise

Under the heading, "Clinics for Trees," the New York Herald Tribune of October 16 devotes considerable editorial space to exposition and praise of Dr. D. T. MacDougal's most recent book, "Tree Growth."

The editorial says that Dr. MacDougal, who is director of the Desert Laboratory at Tucson and the Coastal Laboratory at Carmel of the Carnegie Institution, has summarized "more than half a lifetime" of his work in this book.

To quote the opening paragraph of the editorial:

"To most folks a tree doctor means a surgeon or a dentist, amputating dangerous limbs, patching wounds or filling cavities with metal or cement. Quite different is a kind of tree doctor exemplified by the distinguished American botanist and former New Yorker, Dr. Daniel T. MacDougal, once of the Bronx Botanical Garden and for years afterward with the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Dr. MacDougal has been more like a baby specialist; weighing, measuring and diagnosing the growing youngsters of the forest in ways and even by instruments astonishingly like those of human baby clinics."

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FIREMEN'S AUXILIARY HAS FOOD SALE TOMORROW

A food sale and turkey raffle will be held in the display room of the Carmel Garage on Ocean avenue tomorrow by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Carmel Volunteer Fire Department.

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Mrs. M. L. Hamlin has returned from a two-months' visit with her son in New York and is in her home in the Sun Dial Court Apartments for the winter.

Bobby Riggs and Other Tennis Stars To Play Here This Sunday

Members of the Davis Cup team will give an exhibition tennis match next Sunday afternoon at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club. These ranking stars are sponsored by the newly-organized Pebble Beach Racquet Club which held its initial meeting last Monday morning at Del Monte Lodge. Allen Griffin is president of the organization; Mrs. Paul Winslow, vice-president; Ashton Stanley, secretary and treasurer, and the five directors elected to office are Richard Collins, Miss Geraldine Flint, Mrs. Henry Potter Russell, Mrs. Robert Stanton and Paul Lukas. Fred W. Renker, the Pebble Beach 'pro,' will continue in this capacity. There are 25 charter members and the club functions along lines similar to those of the Palm Springs Racquet Club in which Paul Lukas is an active member. Its primary reason for being is to stimulate and promote interest and enthusiasm in tennis throughout the Peninsula.

The participating stars who will be seen next Sunday are Bobby Riggs, America's No. 2 ranking amateur, who will be No. 1 just as soon as Don Budge's professional standing is officially announced; Wayne Sabin, Davis Cup team member; Frank Kovacs, California State champion, and Fred Renker, our local tennis light.

The exhibition match starts at 2 p.m. Tickets will be on sale at the gate for 50 cents. Reserved seats

are on sale at Del Monte Hotel, Del Monte Lodge and the Monterey Peninsula Country Club. Bobby Riggs and Wayne Sabin will play against each other in the singles event. Fred Renker and Bobby Riggs against Sabin and Frank Kovacs in the doubles.

On Friday night there will be a special sports interview over KDO-N at 9:15 p.m. Winsor Jomelyn will probably do the interviewing, and the Davis Cup lads will have the answers.

★ DELIGHTFUL Week-Ends IN SAN FRANCISCO

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COLOR AND DESIGN THROUGH FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS, BACKGROUNDS OF DRAPERIES AND INTERIOR DESIGNS

Third Lecture - Wednesday Afternoon - 2:30 o'clock

CARMEL ART INSTITUTE
SEVEN ARTS COURT

Kir Whitman, Director - Telephone Carmel 1222

"Development of the Child Through Music" To Be Talk Before P-T.A.

Miss Gertrude Field, manager of the Welfare Music School of San Francisco, is to be the guest speaker at the meeting next Tuesday, November 15, of the Sunset Parent-Teachers' Association. Her subject will be "Music and Its Development of the Child."

Miss Field is outstanding in the field of progressive musical education. For 20 years she has been with the community music school on Capp street in San Francisco that takes musically-inclined children from under-privileged homes and provides training for them.

Mrs. Ernest Morehouse is particularly desirous of having a good

attendance next Tuesday. She says that Miss Field is intensely interesting and well worth hearing, and that she has the spiritual qualities of mind that should go with such work. Miss Field was here before as a guest of the P-T.A. It was an unusually stormy day and only a few ardent ones showed up for the meeting. We want a different story this time.

The boys' cooking class is going to be host to the P-T.A. Tuesday. The boys will serve the tea. The affair begins at 3 o'clock as usual and is held in the library of Sunset School.

This 'I Pagliacci' Has Something

We've been privileged to see Dick Bare come as close to pure, unadulterated ecstasy as he allows himself ever to come. It was all over "I Pagliacci." The initial showing took place on Wednesday afternoon and Dick called us up in the middle of it, begging us to drop the comparative unimportance of getting out a paper, and hie over to the Filmarte to see what he was seeing.

Of course, we couldn't do that. We have our job, and we have our pride in it. But we did recognize the unmistakable ring of sincerity and unrestrained enthusiasm in Dick's voice, and we promised to take his word for it, that "I Pagliacci" is much more than any of us ever suspected, without jeopardizing our editorial integrity.

Says Dick: "The story is swell. The musical accompaniment is tops throughout, and the production is up to Hollywood standards in pho-

tography and sound in every way. The prologue is in color, and the last act, which is a presentation by the theatrical troupe of the last act of the opera on the stage of their traveling theater, is in color too."

Richard Tauber's magnificent tenor is supported by Steffi Duna. The Filmarte engagement is an extended one.

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Sunset School Menu

Monday: Cream of onion soup, candle salad, baked beans, carrots, ice cream.

Tuesday: Cream of green pea soup, perfection salad, beef stew, baked squash, custard.

Wednesday: Vegetable beef soup, orange and date salad, spanish rice, peas, ice cream.

Thursday: Cream of tomato soup, waldorf salad, hamburgers, string beans, fruit cup.

Friday: Clam chowder, asparagus salad, macaroni and cheese, spinach, ice cream.



"Yes Sir"

[Chef Speaking]

"I'm back of every turkey served at WILLIAMS'. That means personal selection of each bird, careful preparation, and the best roasting style [and that is my secret, too]"

COME IN TODAY

for a

Turkey Sandwich • Lunch • Dinner

WILLIAMS'